THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1776.

Choice Poetry.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY HELEN IRVING.

Original Novelet.

NANCY SELWYN;
Or,
Cloud with a Silver Lining.

WRITTEN UP 1 HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY IRVING.

CHAPTER XIV.

Our Picture Gallery.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

THE INTERIOR OF THE MAMELON ON THE 9TH OF JUNE.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY NORRIS, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1828.

TERMS, &c.

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Letters on the business of the Post, must be post paid, or they will not be taken out of the office.

AMERICAN PROGRESS.

The United States contain 1,800,000 square miles. The British Empire contains 7,000,000 square miles. The United States is larger than Europe, Asiatic Prussia, Great Britain, France, Spain, Turkey, Austria and Germany, and 1,851,200 square miles. The United States is larger than the whole Roman Empire, when it was extended to the utmost limits of Augustus and Trajan, and 1,500,000 square miles. The United States is larger than the whole Roman Empire, when it was extended to the utmost limits of Augustus and Trajan, and 1,851,200

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1865.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Asia we have Liverpool dates to the 31st ult.

The general prospects of the war, in Italy and abroad, were unchanged. It was expected that overtures before Gaeta would be made by the Sardinian Government for the surrender of the place, although the exact reported terms of the Allies were not known. The bombarding of Gaeta continued.

Private letters from Constantinople describe the state of affairs there as unsatisfactory. The Sultan is said to be in favor of the Russian party, and the Grand Vizier is opposed to it. The Sultan has refused to ratify the treaty of commerce with England, and other treaties with other powers, and has ordered the Grand Vizier to prepare a new treaty. The Sultan has also refused to receive the Ambassadors of Austria and Prussia, and has ordered the Grand Vizier to receive them. The Grand Vizier has refused to obey the order, and has resigned his office. The Sultan has appointed Ali Pasha Grand Vizier in his place. The Sultan has also refused to receive the Ambassadors of England and France, and has ordered the Grand Vizier to receive them. The Grand Vizier has refused to obey the order, and has resigned his office. The Sultan has appointed Ali Pasha Grand Vizier in his place.

Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Baden, Hesse Darmstadt, Nassau, Frankfort, Hesse Cassel, Holstein, Lauenburg, Schleswig, Oldenburg, Brunswick, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Lubeck, Bremen, Hamburg, Luxemburg, Limburg, Liechtenstein, Reuss, Schaumburg-Lippe, Lippe-Detmold, Waldeck, Anhalt, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Eisenach, Hesse Homburg

Sacred Poetry.

THE FOUNTAIN.

BY WILLIAM HOWE MARYARD.

I sat beside a fountain
Whose waters gushed and sang
Of the cool, deep grottoes
Whence they sprang.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the mountains far away,
Where the pure, cold waters
Love to play.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the valleys, dark and low,
Where the tender violet
Loves to grow.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the meadows, fresh and green,
Where the sweetest of sweet grass
Is seen.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the flowers, of every hue,
Which drink the crystal water
Ever new.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the birds that love to rest
On the branches of the trees
Which it blest.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the cattle, wild and free,
Which roam the pastures
Near the sea.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the lambs that love to play
Where the fountain's waters
Run away.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the shepherd, with his crook,
Who watches o'er his flocks
Beside the brook.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the reapers, in the field,
Who their golden harvests
Love to yield.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the mowers, with their scythes,
Who cut down the grass
Which it writhes.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the maidens, young and fair,
Who their pitchers
Love to fill with care.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the children, full of glee,
Who their thirst
Love to quench with me.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the aged, bent and gray,
Who their staffs
Love to throw away.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the sick, who long to be
Where the fountain's waters
Ever flee.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the dead, who long to rest
Where the fountain's waters
Ever blest.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the angels, pure and bright,
Who their harps
Love to touch at night.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the Saviour, who has said
That the fountain's waters
Are life's bread.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the Father, who has given
That the fountain's waters
Are from heaven.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the Holy Ghost, who saith
That the fountain's waters
Are life's breath.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the Trinity, who love
That the fountain's waters
Are from above.

I heard the fountain singing
Of the Godhead, three in one,
Who their waters
Love to run.

I sat beside the fountain
Whose waters gushed and sang
Of the cool, deep grottoes
Whence they sprang.

I sat beside the fountain
Whose waters gushed and sang
Of the Trinity, who love
To bless the throng.

I sat beside the fountain
Whose waters gushed and sang
Of the Godhead, three in one,
Who love to bless